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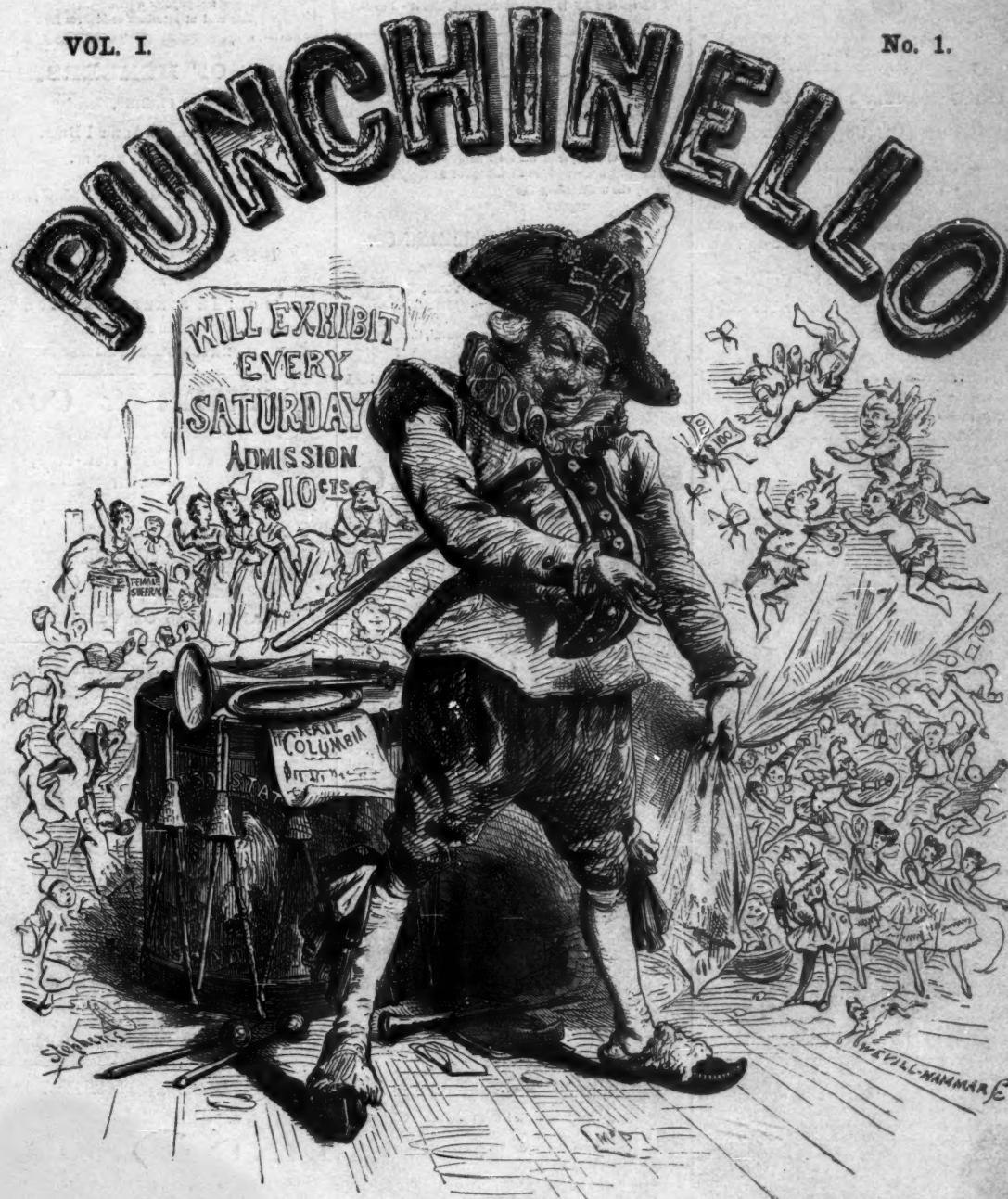
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VOL. I.

No. 1.



PUBLISHED BY THE PUNCHINELLO PUBLISHING COMPANY, AT THEIR OFFICE, 83 NASSAU STREET, NEW-YORK.

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1870.

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The Artistic department will be in charge of Henry L. Stephens, whose celebrated cartoons in *VANITY FAIR* placed him in the front rank of humorous artists, assisted by leading artists in their respective specialties.

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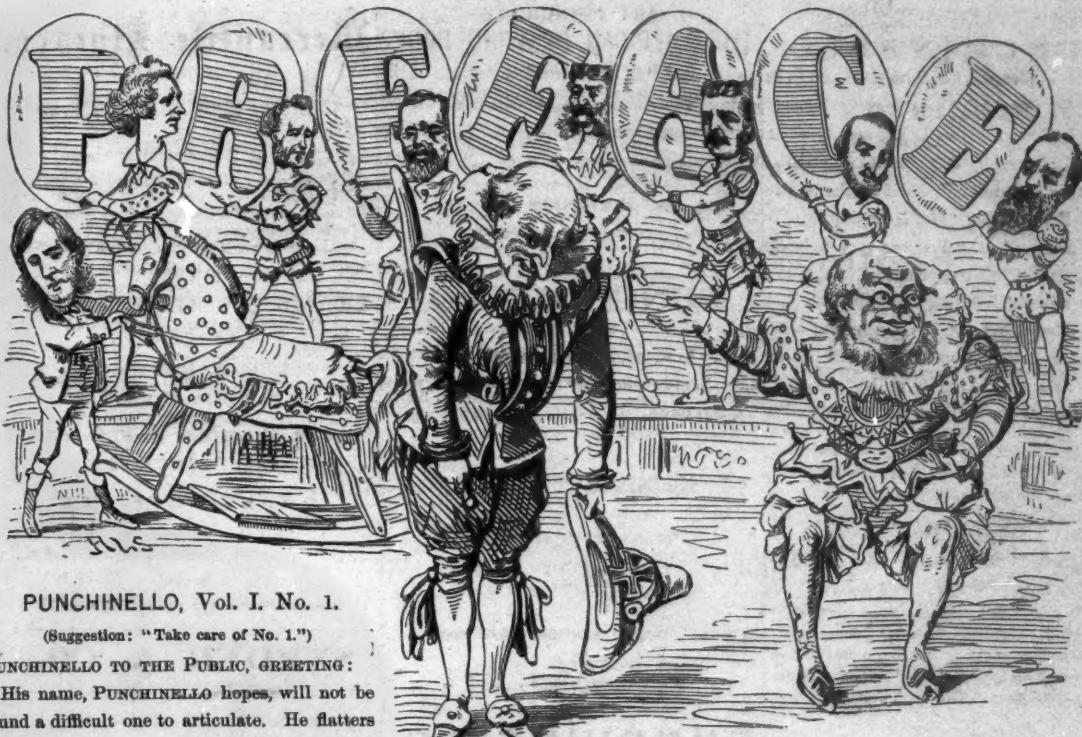
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PRACTICAL HATTER,

102 NASSAU STREET,

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PUNCHINELLO, Vol. I. No. 1.

(Suggestion: "Take care of No. 1.")

PUNCHINELLO TO THE PUBLIC, GREETING:

His name, PUNCHINELLO hopes, will not be found a difficult one to articulate. He flatters himself that it has a smack of grape-juice and olives about it. It rhymes with "mellow," which naturally brings us to "good fellow." On occasions PUNCHINELLO can "bellow," cut a "tremendous swell," &c, and he never throws away a chance of pocketing the "yellow." He would like to rhyme with "swallow;" but alas! it can not, can not be.

And yet, in spite of (or perhaps on account of) PUNCHINELLO's mellifluous name, much cavil has been brought to bear upon him. (Prepare to receive cavilry.)

Squadrons of well-meaning persons with speaking-trumpets marched to and fro before the sponsors of PUNCHINELLO, each roaring at them to stop such a name as *that*, and attend to *his* suggestion, and his only.

One did not like PUNCHINELLO because it means a "little Punch," and ho—the speaking-trumpeter—liked a great deal; and lo! while he spoke, he changed his trumpet for several horns. Then he was taken with a fit of herpetology in his boots, and sank to advise no more.

Another—a fellow with an infinite fancy for buffo minstrelsy—was vociferous that PUNCHINELLO should be called "Tommy Dodd." The discussion upon this lasted for three months; but finally, "Tommy Dodd" was rejected on account of the superfluously aristocratic aroma that exhaled from the name.

Four divisions of men with banners then came by, each division respectively composed of members of the waning families of Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson, and each division bawled and thundered that the name round which it rallied should be adopted instead of PUNCHINELLO, on pain of death.

And thousands of others came with suggestions of a like sort; for which some of them wanted "stamps." And when they had all had their say, PUNCHINELLO was called PUNCHINELLO, and nothing else—a name by which he means to stand or fall.

And now to business. PUNCHINELLO is not going to define his position here. He refrains from boring his readers with prolix gammon about his foreign and domestic relations. He will content himself (and readers, he hopes) by briefly mentioning that he has foreign and domestic relations in every part of the habitable globe, and that they each and all furnish him with correspondence of the most reliable and spicy character, regularly and for publication. Among his foreign relations he is happy to reckon M. MEISSONNIER, the celebrated French artist, to whom he is indebted for the original painting from which PUNCHINELLO, as he appears on his own title-page, is taken.

A preface is not the place in which to enlarge upon topics of great humanitarian interest, political importance, or social progress. PUNCHINELLO will merely touch a few of such matters, then, and these with a light finger. (No allusion, here, to the "light-fingered gentry," for whom PUNCHINELLO keeps a large grape-vine in pickle.)

PUNCHINELLO observes the incipient tendency to return to specie payments. To this revival, however, he is not as yet prepared to give his adhesion, though, on the whole, he considers it preferable to relapsing fever, which is also noted on 'Change. Cuba shall have her due share of attention from him. And if She-Cuba, (Queen of the Antilles, you know,) why not also He-Cuba?—lovely and preposterous woman, who, from her eagerness to slip on certain habiliments that are masculine, but shall here be nameless, shall henceforth be appropriately distinguished by that name.

Let other important topics take care of themselves. PUNCHINELLO will only add that he would at any time rather suspend

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by the PUNCHINELLO PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New-York.

the public plunderers than *habeas corpus*, and that he means to take the gloss off the grim joke that "Hanging for murder's played out in New-York."

It is pleasant for PUNCHINELLO to draw the attention of his readers to the fact that this, his First Number, is dated April 2d—the day after All Fools' Day. This is cheering; since thus it is manifest that PUNCHINELLO leaves all the fools and jesters behind, and is, therefore, first in the race for the crown of comic laurel and the quiver of satiric shafts.

And now, by DAN PHOEBUS!—that's the DAN (ah!) that drives the *Sun*, you know, and is the biggest spot upon it—here we find that we have talked ourself all the way to DELMONICO'S, and there's CHARLEY on the lookout.

Punchinello: "Good evening, Mr. DELMONICO; have you any room for us?"

Delmonico: "You are very welcome, Mr. PUNCHINELLO, and your rooms are quite ready; for we have been expecting you ever so long. Of course, your staff of artists can be accommodated in our Drawing-room, if you will permit me to throw off so insignificant a joke."

Punchinello: "Tut, CHARLES!—tis a joke of the first water, (first brandy-and-water, CHARLES.) Cap your joke with another as good, and then consider yourself on our staff. Lead us to our apartments, CHAWLES."

And so, looking from his pleasant Fifth Avenue windows, PUNCHINELLO waves a salutation to his audience with a "May you be happy, each and all of you, and live all your days in clover," (admission ten cents.)



PUNCHINELLO'S NEW CHARTER.

THE GREAT PLATFORM OF THE RINGS.

THE Lions and the Lambs lie down together,
While the "Sun" stands still.

THE People of the State of New-York, represented by PUNCHINELLO and his troop of admirers, hereby enact:

§ 1. All the offices now provided by law within the City and County of New-York, shall be put in a grand grab-bag.

§ 2. It shall be the duty of the Commissioners of the Central Park to devote said Park, on the Fourth day of July next, to the erection of poles (or polls) for the purpose of enabling voters to grab from the grab-bag.

§ 3. HORACE GREELEY, PETER COOPER, the Rev. Dr. THOMPSON, DANIEL DREW, and REDDY THE BLACKSMITH, are hereby constituted Inspectors and Canvassers for the grabbers.

§ 4. It shall be the duty of the said inspectors to prepare a registry-list of all the persons intending to grab, who are required to serve a notice of intention through the post-office upon REDDY THE BLACKSMITH, the Chairman. DANIEL DREW is to provide funds wherewith to pay the postage.

§ 5. The registry-list shall be alphabetically prepared, and the number of chances shall be determined by dividing the number of grabbers by the number of offices.

§ 6. The grabbers shall be selected by lot.

§ 7. The lots shall be drawn by REDDY THE BLACKSMITH from his own hat, his eyes wide open, while every other inspector, and the voters, shall be blindfolded with newspapers from the files of the *Christian Union*; whereupon, as the names of the fortunate grabbers are called, each one shall proceed to the grab-bag and grab his office.

§ 8. There shall be no repeaters of the process.

§ 9. The persons thus grabbing offices shall be then and there, by the Inspectors, declared duly elected to the offices grabbed, for life.

§ 10. Any vacancy occurring by assassination shall be immediately filled by the Inspectors appointing the assassin.

§ 11. Every person owning real estate on the Island shall contribute one ninety-ninth part of his income to the said grab-bag. On the following Christmas, in the presence of the grab income-bents of offices, the Inspectors shall proceed to divide the proceeds of these taxable contributions, and one half of these proceeds shall be equally divided among the grab income-bents of offices. The other half shall be devoted to paving every conceivable surface of the city with wooden pavement.

§ 12. Owners of real estate in the city of New-York are hereby allowed to make their own arrangements with the gas companies for the supply of light; but nothing herein shall be construed to devote any part of the proceeds to light the public streets at night; and real estate owners shall be allowed to make their own arrangements for the supply of water with the grab income-bents of the Croton Grab Board.

§ 13. The sewers of the city shall be converted to burial places for persons assassinated at political meetings.

§ 14. Nothing herein contained shall be so construed as to permit any judge to grant an injunction against any grabbers of the offices.

§ 15. The "dead-beats," heretofore known as policemen and soldiers of the first division, are hereby legislated out of office, and it shall be a felony punishable with assassination for any one to go unarmed with a six-shooter.

§ 16. All provisions of the United States or State constitutions inconsistent with the above provisions are hereby repealed.

From Gertrude of Wyoming.

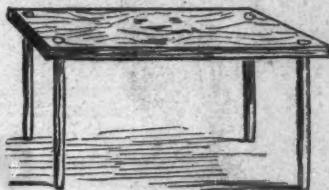
BECAUSE a jury-mast is a makeshift for a lost spar, it does not follow that a jury-woman is a make-shift for any body. In fact, the women who sit upon juries are not the sort of women who personally supply the family linen.

SURE TO BE LOST AT C.—Signor LHFRANC's voice, if he continues to recklessly strain it with his chest C.

HINTS FOR THE FAMILY.

As it is intended that the mission of PUNCHINELLO shall be extended into all circles of society, that of the family shall not be neglected. Every other weekly journal abounds in wise domestic counsels, apt recipes, cunning plans, and helpful patterns of all sorts; and PUNCHINELLO, intending to offer the same advantages, expects to become so necessary to the economical housewife and the prudent bread-winner that no family will be able to do without him. So, with no further prologue, we will present our readers with some valuable hints in regard to the use that may be made of things that often lie about the house, lumbering up every corner and of no service to any body. The first hint we offer, if followed up, will be found of the greatest advantage to all families desirous of convenience at little cost. Take a wide board—as wide as you can get it—and as long as it will cut without cracks or knot-holes, and saw the ends off square. Then bore four large holes in the corners, and insert the ends of four sticks, each about three feet long. Place it upon the floor, so that the board will be supported by the sticks, thus:

This contrivance will be found very useful for various purposes. It will do to put books upon, to write upon, to iron clothes upon, and for any other purpose where it is considered desirable to support household objects at a distance from the floor. One of its chief advantages is to serve as a receptacle for the food of a family during meals. If on such occasions it be covered with a white linen or cotton cloth, its appearance will be much improved, and in time it can not fail to become a favorite article of furniture.



The next hint will please the ladies. Take two pieces of cotton or woolen cloth, of any size from two inches to a foot square, and sew them together at the edges, leaving, however, a small place unsewed at one corner. You will now find that you have something like a square bag. This is to be tightly filled with wool, bran, sawdust, clippings of human hair, or something of the kind, and the open corner is then to be sewed up. When finished, the affair will assume this appearance; and will be found very useful for the preservation of pins. The manner of using it is as follows: you take the pin by the head and firmly press it into the bag, when it will be found that the body of the pin will easily enter, but that the head will prevent its entire disappearance. The stuffing of the bag will retain the pin in its position until a slight degree of force is used to withdraw it. By means of this ingenious little contrivance, pins can be kept in safety; their points always hidden and their heads exposed to view. It will be found much more economical and convenient than the plan of carrying pins loose in the pocket, and eventually will be generally adopted, we think. The top and corners can be ornamented à discretion.



Hint the third is especially addressed to country families. Take one of the ordinary toilet-tables that are to be found in so many rural habitations, and, on removing the white cover, you will probably find that the table is formed of an empty flour-barrel with a board nailed on top of it. Remove this board; get a head from another barrel of the same size; place it properly upon this one; put some good hoops around the ends, nail it all up tightly, and you will find that you will have a very good barrel.

Founded upon Fact.

WHY is BRENTANO like a hardware man?
Because he keeps Tomahawks for sale.

Definition by an Envious Wood-Engraver.

ZINCALI—Artists who draw on zinc plates.

APRIL 2, 1870.



AN AGGRAVATED CASE.

Man with Muffler. "IT ISN'T THE FACT OF THE SORE THROAT I MIND SO MUCH AS THE SUSPICION THAT I CAUGHT IT FROM THAT BEASTLY SNOB, BURLAPS, WHO OCCUPIES THE ROOMS OPPOSITE."

THE MARINER'S WRONGS.

WITHIN the memories of men who are not yet old, the sailor was always looked upon and talked about as "a jolly dog." There was a glamour of romance about him when he was at sea, and "JACK ashore" was for ages held up as the presentment of all that was happy, and contented, and free from care. His hardest duty was supposed to be shinning up the ratlin to "reef," or "brail up," or "splice the mainbrace," or do some other of those mysterious things that caused him to look so mythical to the minds of land-lubbers and the simple-hearted kind of women that used to be, but now no longer are. His lighter hours (about eighteen out of the twenty-four) were passed in terpsichorean performances on the "fo'k' sl," and were so fascinating to the shorey mind that music was specially composed for them, and the "Sailor's Hornpipe" is one of the scourges inflicted upon mortals, for their sins, by barrel-organists at the present day. Grog was dealt out to him by the gallon, and, as for "backy," the light-hearted fellow was never allowed to suffer for want of *that*; so that his happiness may be said to have been complete.

Things are sadly changed, now, with regard to poor JACK. Every day we read of outrageous assaults upon him with marline-spikes and other perverted marine stores, by brutal skippers and flagitious mates, whose proper end would be the yard-arm and the rope's end. All-belaying-pin and no pay has made JACK a dull boy. His windpipe refuses to furnish the whilom exhilarating tooraloof for his hornpipe. Silent are the "yarns" with which he used to while away the time when off his watch and huddling under the lee of the capstan with his messmates. And then, when he comes ashore, it is only to be devoured by the sharks that lie in wait for him and drag him away bodily to their obscene "boarding-house" dens.

Truly Noble.

WE have been requested to publish the following letter:

NEW-YORK, March 1, 1870.
TO THE PATRIOTS HAVING CHARGE OF THE MONUMENT TO VICTOR NOIR:

GENTLEMEN: I honor the brave! I am of America, American! I import from bleeding France her brandy, her champagne, her claret, her olives, and her sardines. I dispose of them at 1108 Lispenard street, New-York, where my peculiar facilities enable me to offer unusual inducements to the trade! I am with you and against tyrants! *Vive la freedom!* I inclose seven francs as a contribution to the monument!

D. E. D. BENTRE.

Perennius *Aere.*

IN view of the recent long and luminous discourse by a distinguished United States Senator upon the subject of the funding bill, it is respectfully suggested that a part of the amount to be saved to the nation by this financial scheme shall be devoted to the erection of a "palace lifting to eternal SUMNER!"

A Question for Ben Butler's Nurse.

WAS the honorable member from Massachusetts *really* born with a silver spoon in his mouth?

The Witch and the Switch.

FASHIONABLE women are like the conventional school-mistress—they believe in the switch.

Naughty.

WHEN did the people send a cipher to the State Senate? When they sent NORTON there.

Once on a time JACK, when in dock, used to make holiday of it on Sunday. He looked as gay as a tobacconist's sign when rigged out in his best blue for a lark ashore, where he was occasionally to be seen on horseback with a row of his jovial messmates, all of them sitting with their backs to the horse's head, and the sternmost of them steering the bewildered animal by his tail. Now there seems to be a movement to cut off from JACK even the holiday to which he is surely entitled. The captain of a bark, lying at San Francisco, has lately stopped wages, to the amount of sixty-five dollars, from a seaman, because the latter refused to assist in discharging cargo on Sunday. Blue has, in one sense, always been JACK's favorite color; but if this sort of thing goes on much further, he must become bluer than ever, and his cheerless condition will be such that he will not have a cheer left to shake the welkin with when he helps to man the yards.

Postal.

FRANKLY speaking, can Senator REVELL's letters be called *Black-mail*?

Propagandism.

ANCIENT Rome was saved by a proper goose; modern Rome by a proper gander.

THE Sheriff's party tell us that they are always "watch" ful in the interest of the tax-payers. So they should be, for don't they own the most "repeaters"?

The Plays and Shows.

HAMLET—WITH A YELLOW WIG.



poet—his name is of no consequence—has defined the evening as

"The close of the day when the HAMLET is still."

Evidently he was a bucolic, and not a metropolitan poet. Otherwise

he would have remembered that the close of the day, or, to speak with mathematical accuracy, the hour of eight P.M., is precisely the time when the HAMLET of a well-regulated theatrical community begins to make himself vocally prominent. A few nights since, we had no less than three HAMLETS propounding at the same time the unnecessary question, whether to be or not to be is the correct thing. The serious HAMLET of the eagle eye, and the burlesque HAMLET of the vulpine nose, are with us yet; but the rival of the latter, the HAMLET of the taurine neck, has gone to Boston, where his wiggish peculiarity will be better appreciated than it was in this Democratic city.

The late Mr. WEGG prided himself upon being a literary man—with a wooden leg. Mr. FECHTER aspires to be a HAMLET—with a yellow wig. Mr. WEGG had this advantage over Mr. FECHTER, that his literary ability did not wholly depend upon his ligneous leg. Mr. FECHTER'S HAMLET, on the contrary, owes its existence solely to his wig. The key to his popularity must be sought in his yellow locks.

There are, it is true, meritorious points in Mr. FECHTER'S Dane. One is his skill in fencing; another, the fact that he finally suffers himself to be killed. Unfortunately, this latter redeeming incident takes place only in the last scene of the play, and the Fat Prince has therefore abundant previous opportunity to mar the superb acting of Miss LECLERCQ. Why this admirable artist did not insist that her OPHELIA should receive a better support than was furnished by Messrs. BANGE, LEVICK, and FECHTER, at Niblo's Garden, is an insoluble mystery. She must have perceived the absurdity of drowning herself for a Prince—fair, fat, and faulty—who refused to give her a share of his "loaf," and denied, with an evident eye to a possible breach of promise suit, that he had given her any "bresnts."

That Mr. FECHTER speaks English imperfectly is, however, the least of his defects. If he could not speak at all, his audience would have reason for self-congratulation. We might, too, forget that he is an obese, round-shouldered, short-necked, and evidently beery HAMLET, with a tendency to speak through his nose. But how can we overlook his incapacity to express the subtle changes of HAMLET's ever questioning mind? One of his admirers has recently quoted RUSKIN in his support. MR. FECHTER gives no heed to RUSKIN'S axiom, that all true art is delicate art. There is no delicacy in his conception of HAMLET. True, he is impulsive and sensitive; but

this is due to his physical and not to his mental organization. A HAMLET without delicacy is quite as intolerable a spectacle as a *Grande Duchesse* without decency.

What, then, has given him his reputation? The answer is evident;—His yellow wig. NAPOLEON gilded the dome of the *Invadides*, and the Parisians forgot to murmur at the arbitrary acts of his reign. MR. FECHTER crowns himself with a golden wig, and the public forgets to murmur at the five acts of his HAMLET.

In all other respects Mr. FECHTER'S HAMLET is inferior to that of his rival Mr. FOX. It is not nearly as funny, and it is much less impressive. Both actors are wrong, however, in not omitting the graveyard scene. To make a burlesque of Death is to unlawfully invade the province of MESSRS. BEECHER and FROTHINGHAM.

The popularity of Mr. FECHTER is only a new proof of the potency of yellow hair. It is the yellow hair of the British blonde, joined to that kindliness of disposition with which—like a personification of Charity—she "bareth all things," that makes her a thing of beauty in the eyes of R. G. W., and a joy for as many seasons as her hair will keep its color. It is because Mr. FECHTER decided that the hair presumptive of the Royal Dane must have been yellow, that his name has grown famous in England.

The veracious chronicler relates that, on one occasion, Mr. VENUS deprived his literary friend with a wooden leg of that useful appendage. Let that act of constructive mayhem not destroy Mr. WEGG'S literary reputation. Can MR. FECHTER'S HAMLET endure an analogous test? If he has confidence in himself, let him try it. He has gone to BOSTON for a change of air. When he returns to NEW-YORK, let it be for a change of hair. When he succeeds in drawing full houses to see him play HAMLET with raven curls, we shall believe that he is something more than simply a HAMLET—with a yellow wig. Until then we shall be constrained to class him with the other blonde burlesquers. MATADOR.

WHAT THE PRESS IS EXPECTED TO SAY OF US.

THERE is no trash in this paper.—*Literary Standard*.

PUNCHINELLO is a perfect beauty, and good as beautiful.—*Moralist*.

— a most suitable companion for our walks and meditations.—*Casuist*.

PUNCHINELLO pays beautifully.—*Cash Account*.

— just the thing for our mothers-in-law.—*Domestic Hearth*.

— its wisdom and learning are equally remarkable.—*College Club*.

PUNCHINELLO deserves to be styled A Brick.—*Midnight Mail*.

— the most irreproachable thing going; and every man who does not buy a copy for himself, every week, and another for his wife, with one for each of his children, is a brute.—*Plain Speaker*.

— bully.—*Western Grazier*.

— knows beans.—*Horticulturist*.

— up to snuff.—*Market Reporter*.

— cock of the walk.—*Prairie Chicken*.

— perfectly lovely.—*Ladies' Voice*.

— read it, try to parse it, and then set it to music and sing it.

— *Yankee Teacher*.

— the thing we dreamed of, longed for, sighed for, and paid for.—*Public at Large*.

A Walking Fish.

THE Walk in life of Mr. Secretary of State FISH, considering him as a private individual, has hitherto been irreproachable. Nevertheless, his walk might be much improved by President GRANT, if the latter would only teach him to Walk Spanish.

"Hole-in-the-Day."

IT is stated, though on what authority we are unable to say, that the Philadelphia *Day* is printed on straw paper made from the surplus straw hats that formed an item of a notorious government contract negotiated during the war.



MESMERISM IN WALL STREET.

First Lady Broker, (entrancing subject.) "THERE, I'VE GOT HIM TO THE POINT NOW. TAKE HIM AT HIS WORD, QUICK."

Commodore V—nd—rb—lt, (murmure.) "SELL ME ONE THOUSAND SHARES CENTRAL."

Second Lady Broker. "BOOKED!"

THE BALLAD OF CAPTAIN EYRE,

OF THE PACIFIC AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP "BOMBAY."

My name was ARTHUR EYRE, when I sailed,
When I sailed;
My name was ARTHUR EYRE, when I sailed;
My name was ARTHUR EYRE, a true British snob, I swear,
Who for Yankees didn't care, as I sailed.

I'd been taught at 'ome, per'aps, ere I sailed,
Ere I sailed;
I'd been taught at 'ome, per'aps, ere I sailed;
I'd been taught at 'ome, per'aps, that JOHN BULL his fingers snaps
At the "cussed Yankee chaps," ere I sailed.

So I steered across the seas, as I sailed,
As I sailed;
I steered across the seas, as I sailed;
I steered across the seas, and swilled my hale at hease;
I was master, "if you please," as I sailed.

VICTORIA's flag I flew, as I sailed,
As I sailed;
VICTORIA's flag I flew, as I sailed;
VICTORIA's flag I flew, and wore her colors too,
Like a British sailor true, as I sailed.

Off the shore of far Japan, as I sailed,
As I sailed;
Off the shore of far Japan, as I sailed;
Off the shore of far Japan, I a Yankee ship did scan,
That with helm a-starboard ran, as I sailed.

A curse rose to my lip, as I sailed,
As I sailed;
A curse rose to my lip, as I sailed;
A curse rose to my lip as on the Yankee ship
Through the darkness I did slip, as I sailed.

And I ran the Yankee down, as I sailed,
As I sailed;
And I ran the Yankee down, as I sailed;
Ay, I ran the Yankee down, and I left the dogs to drown,
While to Yokohama town on I sailed.

They say they showed a light, as I sailed,
As I sailed;
They say they showed a light, as I sailed;
They say they showed a light, to tell their hopeless plight,
But "I served them bloody right," as I sailed!

For my name is Captain EYRE, as I sail,
As I sail;
My name is Captain EYRE, as I sail;
For my name is Captain EYRE, and it's d—d absurd, I swear,
That for Yankees I should care, as I sail!

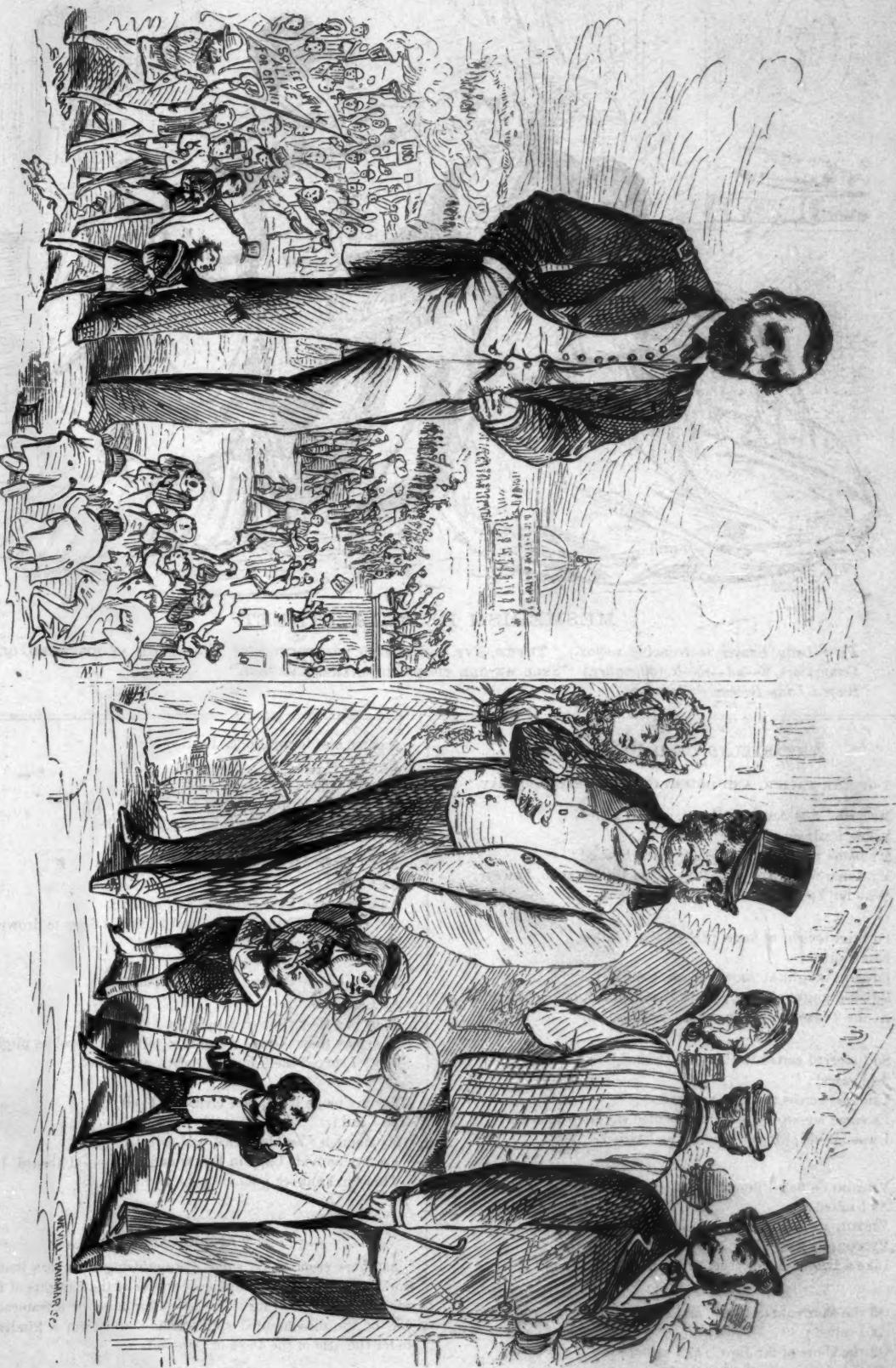
"Arcades Ambo."

As there seem to be some disorganizing elements just now at work in the ancient and honorable order of the Knights of Pythias, might it not be well for them to compromise by a fraternal secession of the discontented spirits, who could form a kindred order under the title of the Dey's of Damon?

APRIL 2, 1870.

PUNCHINELLO.

9



March 4, 1869.
A GIANT AMONG THE PIGMIES.

March 4 1870
A PIGMY AMONG THE GIANTS.

PUNCHINELLO IN WALL STREET.



HAT it is not PUNCHINELLO's intention to overlook Wall street, may be absolutely taken at par. To look over Wall street is quite another matter, and P. knows how to do it to a T. Many a time at midnight, from his perch on the tip of the spire of Old Trinity, (a tip-top point from which to look over Wall street —you see the point?) has PUNCHINELLO beheld the ghosts of dead speculations floating hopelessly through the murky air. It could not be said of them that there was "no speculation in those eyes." The ghost of a dead speculation was never so utterly damned, the eyes of a ghost of a dead speculation were never so absolutely dimmed, but that speculation of some kind might be discerned fluttering like a mummy-cloth from the shadowy outline of the former, and gleaming feebly from the gloomy goggles of the latter. Gleam on, poor ghosts! Goggle while you may, and gibber. PUNCHINELLO watches you with interest, (25 per cent.) as you are weighed down to the very diri of The Street by the night-fog of Despair, flapping your wings on a very small "margin," as if attempting vainly to "operate for a rise." Go down, poor ghosts; repair to your incandescent place below, for there is no hope for you. As we sit here upon our spire, we can not say to you, *Dum spiramus speramus*. Alas! no. We would like to do so, of course; but our sense of truth revolts against the enunciation of such a taradiddle.

Soon after daylight has been fully turned on, it is the wont of PUNCHINELLO to descend from his perch on the church, (rhyme,) and roam waywardly and invisibly among the denizens who occupy the dens of The Street. He knows all the ins and outs of the place, and has long been disgustingly familiar with its ups and downs. Gently has he dabbled in stocks, and no modern operator is half so conversant as he is with the juggles of the Stock Exchange. PUNCHINELLO, though as fresh and frisky, in mind and body, as a kid on a June morning, is older than he chooses to let every body know. Bless you all, readers dear! he was by when the Tulip-Mania was hatched, (mixed figure,) and it was he who punctured the great South Sea Bubble, and sent it on a burst. Ha! ha! he-e-e! —how he laughs when he recurs to those days of the long, long ago, with their miserable little swindles, no better than farthing candles, (allowable rhyme,) and their puny dodges devised for flagellating LUCIFER round a stump.

Just think of a lot of fellows pretending to play at Tulipmaniacs bolting Bubble-and-aqueak, and not a jockey among them all had ever heard of "puts" and "calls." Denece a one of them knew a "corner" from a cockatrice's egg, and if you had mentioned a "scoop" to the most intelligent of them, he'd have sworn that you had been and gone and swallowed a Scandinavian-dictionary. (N.B. In this application the nave in Scandinavian might properly be spelt with a k.) Ah! yes, yes: What-d'y-e-call him was wide-awake when he remarked to Thingumbob that "the world does move."

How strong the contrast to PUNCHINELLO as he glides, invisible, to and fro among the bulls and bears on 'Change, observing the "modern instances" of their improved manner of doing business, and taking all their devices into the corner of his brightest eye! (The only safe "corner" he knows of on The Street.) How he chuckles as he observes the ways of 'em—sees a bear selling that which he hasn't, and a bull buying that which he doesn't want—all "on a margin" and to "settle regular," of course. Bless you! children of the modern Mammon. Go in and win, or lose if

you find it more exciting. Learn to control finances, if you would fain grow to be good men and contribute hereafter good men to the taxable population. Proceed with your virtuous transactions on 'Change. Never mind each other's toes; they who have corns must not care for being cornered. (Meant playfully.) Inflate the market with your heavy purchases. Blow the market, and "corner the shorts." Be a "bear," if you will; and when you play at "bull," remember the frog in the fable, who would be an ox, and went on inflating until he burst.

You bloated stockmonger there, with your hands in your pockets and your eye on the mean chance, what care you how much capital is represented by certificates issued? "That's played out," you say? You know it is, you slimy salamander, and so does UNCHINELLO. You know that by the use of convertible bonds capital can be increased or diminished *ad infinitum*. Loan your millions to Erie, to save it from destruction or the Sheriff, (anonymous terms,) and you will derive sweet consolation from the consciousness of your power to add or diminish at will.

Look at the "Great Waterer." When he chose to "snake away" Erie from its friends, and make it tributary to New-York Central, the printing-press was at work—a fact which he did not discover until he had paid out ten millions. Then the foreigners purchased ream after ream of certificates to control Erie, and to-day their stock is declared not worth a row of pins, owing to the piles of money swallowed by the afflictive suits on the stamped certificates.

Observe SNIGGER and SNAGGER, too; mark the goings and comings of these partners in business and iniquity. How regularly they have kept swearing that their business never paid, and yet their dividends always increased when they wished to distribute their stock.

And here is one who—more audacious, far, than King CANUTE of old—would control even the ocean. This man starts a Pacific Mail with a capital of ten millions, increases the amount to twenty millions, and swears it is worth thirty. Then he "puts his foot in it" and shows the knave in his deal, (dealings—jocular,) by selling the stock at thirty-five.

This from PUNCHINELLO, as he looks over The Street—and through it—from his lofty pinnacle. Don't strain your precious eyes and necks in fruitless endeavors to discover him there, since he can make himself invisible at will. But listen, ye men of The Street, with all your ears, (Erie,) and you will hear a solemn chant like unto that of the *muezzin* from the minaret. 'Tis the voice of PUNCHINELLO wafting sonorously from his tower the instructive moral—

"Who'e'er sells stocks as'len't his'n,
Must pay up or go to pris'n."

A New Conglomerate Pavement.

It was well said by a saucy Frenchman, "that England had fifty religions but only one sauce." Paraphrasing this loosely, we may say of New-York, that she has a dozen different pavements and deuce a good one. There was the "Russ," on which the horses used to be "let slide," but couldn't trot; the "Belgian," of dubious repute; the "Nicholson," which, from its material, must have been invented by "Nick of the Woods;" the "Mouse-trap," set to catch other things than mice; the "Fiske," a pavement pitched in altogether too high a key to be pleasant; The "Stafford," the "Stow," and several others which it would be painful to enumerate here. Why doesn't the daily press look lively, and devise a better pavement than any of these? There's STONE, of the *Journal of Commerce*; WOOD, of the *News*; MARBLE, of the *World*; and BRICK, of the *Democrat*. Let them put their heads together and give us a good conglomerate.

A Hopeful Anticipation.

Now that the darkeys are about to take part in national legislation, we shall probably be able to negotiate a postal treaty with France.

On one Drowned.

He left a large circle, etc.!



SYMPATHY WITH CUBA.

Enthusiastic Sympathizer. "What I say is, we must have our cigars; and therefore, Cuba must be ours."

MR. GREELEY'S AIDS TO LITERARY EFFORT. *

On the general principle that "no one is a hero to his valet," not even a valetudinarian, it may be safely asserted that the divinity that doth hedge most great writers is lost the moment their admirers become acquainted with their habits of thought and methods of composition. The popular delusion that H. G. "knows everything" is calculated to work indefinite injury to some modest men who are supposed to "know something." GREELEY's mind, like a *camera obscura*, may be said to retain its impressions while in the dark, and to lose them when exposed to the light. He has never, to any extent, heeded the scriptural injunction against walking in darkness, which explains why so many *Tribune* readers are in the dark concerning the truth and justice of popular questions. Consequently, as in the case of other great men, when GREELEY's mind becomes pregnant with a theme, moved to pity by the neglected education and limited mental resources of many of his readers, he repairs to one of his numerous literary lairs, and ransacks the pages of the Past for plunder befitting his pen and party. When he is about to write an editorial article on Protection, he invariably prepares his mind by reading several chapters on the "Manly Art of Self-Defense," which accounts for the wisdom and brilliancy displayed by him on the subject of tariffs. In order to approach a discussion of the subject of vegetarianism without prejudice, H. G. repairs to the wheezy WINDUST's, where, for hours at a time, he literally "crams" with his favorite dish of pork and beans. The Amelioration of the condition of the Working Classes is another favorite theme with GREELEY, and, in order to discuss clearly and cogently the many phases and ramifications of this lively and exciting topic, he devotes several hours to the study of "Idleness as a Fine Art." Before writing a particularly funny or spirited article upon Politics, the Fine Arts, or the Drama, H. G., it is said,

may be seen for several hours at the Astor Library, poring over BURTON's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. While in the throes of literary labor upon *The Great Conflict*, he had numerous dogmatic discussions with Mr. KIRK BURNS, participated in several flights of the "fancy" to the bird-battling haunts of New-Jersey, and even pursued the ministers of muscle to the scene of their bucolic pastimes in the P. R. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to remark that Mr. GREELEY's *Recollections of a Busy Life* were inspired almost directly by frequent collusion with the pages of DE QUINCEY and COLERIDGE, whose wild lives and turbulent experiences possess a peculiar charm for the Triton of the *Tribune*. When Mr. GREELEY wishes to write against capital punishment—which he does about every time the moon changes—he naturally turns over a few pages of *Thirty Years in Washington*. When he purposed to tempt the bounding bean of the kitchen garden of Chappaqua, or humble the hopeful harrow of agriculture, he may be found either at the Italian Opera, serenely sleeping under the soporific strains of *Sonnambula*, or at the Circus, benignly blinking at the agglomerating Arabs. The inspiration for that thrilling story in real life, entitled, *What I Know about Farming*, is said to have been received almost wholly from the state of somnolency induced by that clever clairvoyant, the Rev. Dr. CHAPIN. A curious notion exists in the minds of a few ignorant persons, to the effect that Mr. GREELEY vexes his mellow mind for essays on the temperance question with frequent and numerous imbibitions of "soda straight;" but it is high time that this popular error was exploded. All who have seen Mr. GREELEY in the bar-room of a certain city hotel, dashing down brandy or pouring down whisky, and have next morning perused a *Tribune* editorial on "The Evils of Intemperance," need not be reminded of the chief source of H. G.'s animated style and vigorous diction. An extended walk along the beautiful avenues

PUNCHINELLO'S LYRICS.

No. 1.

Ho! I am the jolly repeater,
And I train with the magical band,
Who the legerdemain of the ballot
With the skill of a wizard command.

Once a year every poll I explore,
Honest voting is Greenland to me;
Free suffrage is ever my motto,
To my amnesty judges agree.

The trickster inspector I loathe, sir!
Or the canvasser's pencils that thieve;
Voting early and often is nobler
Than ballots to change from one's sleeve.

No eight hours' labor I ask for,
Votes from sunrise to sunset I cast;
They are bread on political waters,
And my sinecures follow them fast.

WILLIAM B. and his millionaire crew
Will only vote once, sir; while I
(Who to scorn laugh the honest assessors)
Plump a score to their one—on the sly!

Who asks for my name? I repeat it—
Ho! the jolly repeater am I;
Each book of the registry knows me,
And I'm now in the market—Who'll buy?

(The above may be sung *da capo*, which is Italian for "repeat.")

Music and Morals in Chicago.

The Marriage of Figaro did not interest the Chicago people when it was produced in that peculiar city. Had it been called the "Divorce of Figaro," it would have aroused their warmest admiration.

of the city, or a drive through Central Park, invariably prepares Mr. GREELEY's mind for the birth of an article on the advantages to young men of leaving the metropolis and seeking homes in the West. Some months ago, Mr. GREELEY purchased a small, select library, which contains, among other choice works, the sweet pastoral productions of SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.; the quaint and exhilarating narratives of EUGENE SUE; the wholesome and harmless fictions of NED BUNTLINE, together with the complete poetical works of MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, and it was from the perusal of these comforting and pell-mell contributions to American literature that Mr. GREELEY caught the spirit and the style which distinguish his thrilling work on Political Economy. But something too much of this. We would not embitter the life of Mr. GREELEY, at present, by any further revelations, and therefore we let the subject drop.

CONDENSED CONGRESS.

SENATE.



problems. He said that Lord COKE had justly and eloquently observed *de minimis non curat lex*. He thought this would apply to our relations with the Island, where, although the sugar-cane lifts its lofty top and the woodbine twineth, the accursed spirit of caste still prevails. He begged to bring to the attention of the Senate and the country the amended lines of the sacred poet:

"What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Cuba's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?"

The Senate would say with CICERO, *de non apparentiis et non existentiibus, eadem est ratio*, and they would remember with reference to the revolutionists of Cuba the great saying of Lord BACON, "Put a beggar on horseback, and he will go to the Senate from Massachusetts." Whatever the issue of the Cuban contest might be, he could lay his hand upon his heart, and say with the Mantuan bard, "*Homo sum*," or, in the language of our own SHAKESPEARE, that which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. These were all the sentiments he could find in his library which bore directly upon this subject.

Senator SUMNER then introduced a bill to provide for the resumption of specie payments. The bill sets forth that it shall hereafter be a felony for any person to make tender of any thing other than gold and silver to any person of African descent, in any of the States lately in rebellion. In moving the bill, the senator said that its passage was imperatively demanded by several negroes whom he knew, and that he would not consent to deliver these helpless persons into the hands of their late masters without some such guarantee as this bill furnished. He quoted from ARISTOTLE, LOCKE, and BURKE to prove that classes liable to oppression were apt to be oppressed.

Senator TRUMBULL wished to know what that had to do with the resumption of specie payments.

Senator SUMNER considered the inquiry impertinent. The great principles of justice were always in order.

Senator GARRET DAVIS took the floor, and made a neat speech of three days and a half in opposition to the bill. He said he was a Democrat, and he always had been a Democrat. The founders of the republic would weep if they could see what the government had come to. What would CLAY and CALHOUN have said to seeing such men as his honorable friend from Nevada (Mr. NYE) and himself in the Senate? If he might be permitted to infringe upon the domain of the senator from Massachusetts, he would quote SHAKESPEARE, "What should such fellows as I do, crawling between heaven and earth?" (Loud applause.) At the close of Mr. DAVIS's speech his friends came in from WELCKER's, and congratulated him on having got through. Exhausted nature made the Senate adjourn.

HOUSE.

After some general sparring, of which a set-to between Mr. GFIELD and Mr. HAIGHT formed the most conspicuous feature, the cadetship question came up. Mr. VOORHEES explained that he never had sold any cadetships. Mr. LOGAN wished to know who said he had. Mr. VOORHEES remarked that Mr. LOGAN was another. Mr. VOORHEES explained that he had appointed the son of a constituent, and that subsequently to the appointment he had taken a drink at the expense and the request of the constituent. He always took his straight, and the cost to his constituent was only fifteen cents. Which one of his colleagues would have acted otherwise? (Voices, "Not one.")

Mr. BUTLER denounced the course of Mr. VOORHEES. For his part, he saw no impropriety in selling cadetships or any thing else. What do gentlemen suppose that cadetships exist for, if it is not for the emolument of congressmen? He considered his patronage as a part of his perquisites. This had been the guiding principle of his life, alike in his military and his political career. He considered the action of Mr. VOORHEES to be an act of deliberate treachery to this House. If he accepted a pitiful drink in return for his official influence, he was guilty of a gross offense in cheapening the price of patronage. A cadetship was worth \$500 if it was worth a cent. If, on the other hand, he gave his cadetship away, his conduct was even more culpable; for other congressmen might be weak enough to follow his baleful example, and the market would be broken down. He advocated the formation of a Congressional Labor Union to determine the value of these appointments, and to expel all members who took less than the standard rate. This was what was done in other branches of business, and if his colleagues wished to be like him, the little busy B. F. B., and improve each shining hour, this is what they would do.

And then the House adjourned.

READY-MADE EPITAPHS.

On a Departed Clown.

Though lost to sight, to mummery dear.

On a Faithful Book-keeper.

Posted up.

Wring the Belles.

American belles ought to make good housewives, because they put up with little or no waist.

To whom it may Concern.

PERSONS who take music by the wholesale are informed that they can procure it of the street organ-grinders, who dispose of it by the barrel.

Voice in the Air.

"WHAT is honor? Air."—Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.

"What is dishonor? EYRE."—Every body.

The "Cumming" Man.

The "sensation" editor of the Sun.



"BLAG YER BOOTS, MISTER!"

KING OKEY THE FIRST, OF IRELAND.

BY ALDERMAN ROONEY.

HOORAH! the dawn begins to break,
Ould Ireland's sons at last awake,
And from their sows the shackles shake
That long have kept them under.
Arise, then, brave Phoenicians all,
Obey your noble general's call;
From off the steps of City Hall
You hear his voice of thunder!

O OKEY, darlin'! you're the wan
To take ould Erin by the han';
We'll pummel the Britishers every man,
And make you King of Ireland!

Go rowl the news across the say,
Of how we spint the glorious day,
A hundred thousand on Broadway,
And more upon the Island.
Go tell the lords in Parlament,
Of how Saint PATRICK's day was spint,
And see if they don't reduce the rint
On every fut of dry land.

O OKEY, darlin'! you're the wan
To take ould Erin by the han';
We'll pummel the Britishers every man,
And make you King of Ireland!

Go tell them how you raised the flag,
The green above their crimson rag,
And should they talk of Yankee brag,
We'll tache them how to rue it.
Go tell them how all day you stud,
Wid both your nate feet in the mud,
As if it had been Saxon blood
And you wor fightin' thro' it!

O OKEY, darlin'! you're the wan
Who've tuk ould Erin by the han';
We'll pummel the Britishers every man,
And make you King of Ireland!

Your innimies say you're not sincere,
Nor care a straw for Irish here,
Unless whin 'lection time is near,
And Irish votes are wanted.

A Huge Sell.
THE appointing to cadetships at West-Point.

The Most Religious Editor in New-York.
C. A. DANA—because every week-day is observed as a "Sun" day by him.

A Good General Idea.

A NEAT practical joke was that perpetrated by one of our contributors, who, having been requested to bring us "something pat," walked into our office a day or two after with a couple of Fenian generals in tow.

A Happy Thought.

THE Elevated Railway is worked by means of what is known to engineers as an "endless rope." Might it not be well to work the murderers and robbers of New-York on the same principle?

Abnormal.

ONE of the strangest anomalies in color known is to be observed at Mobile and other places on the Southern coast, where black men are frequently Bay pilots.

But don't you throuble yourself at all,
We'll drive your innimies to the wall;
We know you better, OKEY HALL,
Than take sich stuff for granted.

No! OKEY, darlin', you're the wan
Who've tuk ould Erin by the han';
We'll pummel the Britishers every man,
And make you King of Ireland!

They say you want to be Mayor once more,
And after that, to be Govermore—
As if you wouldn't be needed before,
To lade the Faynians over.
And they say you raise this hullabaloo,
'Bout Ireland's wrongs, and Cuba's too,
That Irish fools might cotton to you,
And you might sit in clover.

But no! for OKEY, you're the wan
That tuk ould Erin by the han';
We'll pummel the Britishers every man,
And make you King of Ireland!

Oh! no; we are not so asiy schooled,
By slanders bought wid Saxon goold;
They'll find, who think us so asiy fooled,
How much they underrate us.
Then up, mavrone! and take your stand,
The layder of the Faynian band,
And King you'll soon be of the land
Of shamrogues and potatoes!

Yes! OKEY, darlin', you're the wan
That tuk ould Erin by the han';
We'll pummel the Britishers every man,
And make you King of Ireland.

So, good Saint PATRICK, bless the day
Whin Ginal HALL will march away,
Across the deep and briny say,
My country's bonds to sever;
And bless him whin he goes ashore,
And whin he walks in British gore,
And whin he's Ireland's King asthore,
Oh! may he live forever.

Yes! OKEY, darlin', you're the wan
That tuk ould Erin by the han';
An' you'll be King of all her lan',
King OKEY First, of Ireland.

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